Fron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE. IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

AT THE PASTURE BARS.

Returning lonely from the field She met me at the pasture bars; The moon was like a golden shield,

As morning dawn, her face was mild, As evening, so her limpid eyes; God never gave a sweeter caild For weary man to idolize.

Her soft caress, and ardent kiss; I thought, of all delights of earth, The angels surely covet this.

I know they mean to do no ill,
But whom they love they lure away:
Good angels, love her as ye will,
But leave her with me while I stay.

Just as she is; for I would set The band of time behind an hour, If that would stay a little yet
The bud from blooming to the flower.

And when at length we homeward went, The fragrant azure shone so clear, The great familiar firmament. I thought, had never seemed so near.

So near, the moon above the trees
An airy globe of silver swung,
And in the dewy tops of these
The stars in mellow clusters hung.

So near, that I could scarce forgo
The thought that one who longing waits.
Might hear a whisper sweet and low
Across the golden-pertaled gates.
— Washington Capital.

WALHALLA.

A few years ago a young English artist, named Reid, who was traveling through this country, stopped for a day or two at Louisville, having found an old friend there.

He urged this gentleman to go with him into the mountainous region of Tappesses and into the mountainous region of Tennessee and

North Carolina.
"The foliage," he said, "will be worth study in September; and besides, I have an errand there for my brother. He is a house-decorator in London, and when he was in the Alps last summer, he was told that a wood-carver, whose work he saw in Berne, and fancied, had emigrated to America two or three years ago, turned farmer and joined a small German col-ony in these mountains. I am to find this col-

mediate need of a panel-carver."
"He could have imported a dozen from 'Certainly," said Reid, with a shrug; "but Tom has his whims. He fancied that he detected a delicacy, a spirit in this man's work— an undiscovered Bewick, in fact. Where do you suppose the fellow is hidden. Pomeroy?

Do you know of any such colony?"
"No, and I hardly can believe that there are any thrifty Germans among those impregna-ble mountains. Why, access to many of the counties is only to be had on mules, and at the risk of your neck. Your Germans must have a market for his work; he would find none

They were talking in the breakfast room of then came out and led C the hotel. A man at the same table looked up garden of his own house. and nodded.

"Beg pardon, but couldn't help overhear-ing. Think the place you want is in South Carolina. Name of Walhalla. Village. Queer little corner. Oconee County."

"O, thanks!" said Reid, eyeing him speculatively, as probably a new specimen of the American. "Any Swiss there, do you know?" "That I can't tell you, sir," said the stranger, expanding suddenly into the geniality of an old acquaintance. "They're Germans, I take it. Shut out of the world by the mountains as completely as if the place was a 'hall of the feed 'es they cell it. There it is with of the dead, as they call it. There it is, with German houses and German customs, dropped down right into the midst of Carolina souffrubbers and Georgian clay-eaters. I found the village five years ago, while I was buying up skins in the mountains. I'm a fur dealer. Cincinnati. One of my cards, gentlemen?"

To Walhalla, therefore, Mr. Reid and his just going to speak! friend went. They tried to strike a bee-line to But Christine did no it, through a wilderness of mountain ranges, by trails only known to the trappers; taking them as their guides, and sleeping in their huts at night. After two weeks of climbing among the clouds, of solitary communion with Nature, of unmitigated dirt, fried pork and fleas, they

came in sight of Walhalla.

They had reached Macon County, North Carolina, where the Appalachian range, which stretches like a vast bulwark along the eastern coast of the continent, closes abruptly in walls of rock, jutting like mighty promontories into the plains of Georgia and South Carolina.

Reid and Pomeroy stopped one morning on one of these heights to water their mules at a spring, from which two streams bubbled through the grass and separated, one to flow into the Atlantic, the other into the Gulf of Mexico, so narrow and steep was the ridge on which they stood. The wind blew thin and cold in their faces; the sun shone brightly about them; but below, great masses of cumulus clouds were driven, ebbing like waves, out toward the horizon. Far down in the valley a rain-storm was raging. It occupied but small space and looked like a motionless cataract of fog, torn at times by yellow, jagged

Not far from the spring a brown mare was tethered, and near it a stout young man in blue homespun was lying, stretched lazily out on the dry, ash-colored moss, his chin in his palms, watching the storm in the valley. An empty sack had served as a saddle for the mare; slung about the man's waist was a whisky flask and a horn. He was evidently a farmer, who had come up into the mountains to salt his Reid took note of the clean jacket, the steady

blue eyes, the red rose in his cap.
"Swiss," he said to Pomeroy. "Where is Walhalla, my friend?"

The man touched his cap, and pointed to a wisp of smoke at the base of the mountain. As they rode on, his dog snuffed curiously at their horses' heels, but Hans did not raise his head

to look after them.
"That is the first man I have seen in America," said Reid, "who took time to look at the

world he lived in." When they were gone, Hans lay watching the cloud below soften from a metallic black mass into pearly haze; then it drifted up into films across the green hills. On the nearer films across the green hills. On the nearer plain below, he could now see the white-bolled cotton-fields, wet and shining after the shower; threads of mist full of rainbow lights traced out the water courses; damp, earthy scents came up to the height from the soaked forests. After a long while he rose keisurely, his eyes filled with satisfaction, as one who has had a good visit in the home of a friend. He mounted the mare and rode down the trail; the sun above raddily on the neaks above him but shone ruddily on the peaks above him, but there was a damp, shivering twilight in the gorges. Both seemed holiday weather to the young fellow; his mare whinnied when he patted her neck; the dog ran, barking and umping upon him; it was a conversation that

had been going on for years among old friends.

Mr. Reid reached Walhalla just before sundown. As his mule went slowly down the wide street, he looked from side to side with pleased surprise.

"It is a street out of some German village,' he said. "I have not seen such thrift or home

ly comfort in this country." "It is only the sudden contrast to the grandeur and dirt behind us," said Pomeroy. "If you miss the repose and exaltation of the lofty heights which you talked of, you will find scrubbed floors and flealess beds a solid con-

The sleepy hamlet consisted of but one broad street, lined by quaint wooden houses, their stoops covered with grape-vines or roses. Back of these houses stretched trim gardens, gay with dahlias and yellow wall-flowers; back of these, again, were the farms. Along the middle of the street, at intervals were shaded wells, public scales, a platform for town meetings. The people were gathered about one of the wells, in their old German fashion, the men with their pipes, the women with their knitting.

Reid remained in Walhalls for two or three

Reid remained in Walhalla for two or three days. He found that there were several Swiss families and that many of the men had been wood-carvers at home. He hit upon a plan

to accomplish his purpose. He gave a subject for a panel—the Flight into Egypt—and announced that any one who chose might undertake the work; that he would return in a "Hans is welcome to bring her home whether month (he had found there was access to Columbia by railway through the valley), and would then buy the best panel offered at a fair price, and; if the skill shown in the work sat-isfied him, would send the carver to London

gotten that there was a world outside of Wal-halla. They tilled their farms and bartered with the mountaineers. Twice a year Schopf went to Charlotte for goods to fill his drowsy shop. London? Riches? Fame? The blast of a strange trumpet, truly. The blood be-gan to quicken. Such of them as had been wood-carvers felt their fingers itch for the

"No doubt it is George Heller who will win it," everybody said. "That fellow has ambi-tion to conquer the world. Did you see how

no ordinary man!"

"If Haus had but his wit now!" said one, nodding as Haus on his mare came down the street. "Haus is a good fellow. But he will never make a stir in the world. Now George's fingers used to be as nimble as his tongue."

Heller's tongue "See what a favorite real fav Heller's tongue, meanwhile, was wagging nimbly enough at the other side of the well. He was a little, wiry, red-haired, spectacled fellow, with a perpetual movement and sparkle about him, as if his thoughts were flame. "That's the right sort of talk. Fame— "That's the right sort of talk. Fame—profit! Why should we always drag behind the world here at Walhalla? Plow and dig, plow and dig! The richest man in New York left Germany a butcher's son, with his wallet strapped on his back; and what is New York to London? Just give me a foothold in London and I'll show you what a baker's son can do, let Hans Becht laugh as he chooses!" For Hans, who had come down to the well, was listening with a quizzical twinkle in his eye. He filled his pipe, laughed, sat down and said nothing. Everybody knew Hans to be the most silent man in Walhalla.

The pretty girls gathered shyly closer to defend. At last the Englishman returned. The decision was to be made that night. Hans had finished his panel that very day. He did not know whether it was bad or good. He had cut away at it as faithfully as he had rubbed down his pigs. He wrapped it up that evening and went down to the inn, stopping at Vogel's on the way. The old people were at the well; Christine had cooked the supper, milked the cews, and now she was up in her chamber singliftle Pail to sleep.

Her voice came down to Hans below full of passion and sadness.

"Who is it she leves in that way?" he wondered. He stood in the path of the little yard,

at him with the tenderest eyes in the world. The sight of her drove the blood through Helony if I can, and if there is any workman of real skill in it, to effer him regular work and good wages in London. My brother is in imtake a wife from Walhalla." he cried, laughing excitedly, looking at her and not caring that the whole village saw his look. "I'll come back for the girl I love!" He fancied that the shy eyes had caught the fire from his own and answered with a sudden flash.

the heavy boy out of her arms and walked be-side her. Heller's shrill voice sounded behind them like a vehement fife!

"Success—money money!"
Hans looked anxiously down into her face. They are good things," she said, "very good things.' Hans's tongue was tied as usual.

dropped Phil in the cradle in the kitchen, and then came out and led Christine down to the What was London—money, to home? Surely she must see that! He led her slowly past the she must see that! He led her slowly past the well-built barn and piggeries, past the bee-hives hidden behind the cherry-trees, and seated her on the porch. He thought these things would speak for him. Hans clumg as closely to his home as Phil yonder to his mother's breast.

But Christine looked sullen.

quiet vancy,

"Yes, very nice bits of chipping there!"

pulling at his red moustache. "I shall ask fifty dollars for that."

Christine turned her searching eyes on him.

"Yes, iffty," he repeated, feeling that he had

Hans said nothing.
"A man should not be satisfied with a kitchen garden," she said sharply.
They sat on the porch steps. The night air the rice fields to the left, throwing fastastic shadows that chased each other like noiseless ghosts as the wind swayed the grain. To the right, beyond the valley, the mountains plerced the sky. They were all so friendly, but dumb—dumb as himself. If they could only speak and say of how little account money was, after Heller laughed loud. and say of how little account money was, after all! It seemed to Hans as if they were always

But Christine did not look at sky, or mount ains, or sleeping valley. She looked at the gravel at her feet, and gave it a little kick.

"No doubt George Heller will succeed. I hope he will, too!" she said, vehemently. "If a man has the real stuff in him let him show it to the world! I'll go home now, Mr. Becht."

That evening Hans' violin was silent. He

used to play until late in the night; but he was sharpening his long unused knives, with a pale face. He, too was beginning a Flight into

Egypt.

During the next two weeks a tremendous whittling went on in Walhalia. Some old fellows, who had never cut anything but paper knives and match boxes, were fired with the universal frenzy. Why should not Stein, the cobbler, or Fritz, the butcher, chip his way to wealth, fame and London? There is not a butcher or cobbler of us all who does not sebelieve himself a genius equal to the best-barred down by circumstance. George Heller kept his work secret, but he was nightly out pale and covered with perspiration; he walked about muttering to himself like one in a dream; he went to Godfrey Stein's inn and drank wine and brandy, and then more brandy, and forgot to pay. Genius is apt to leave the lesser virtues in the lurch. He kicked the dogs out of the way, cursed the children, and was insolent to his old father who still fed and clothed him.

"He's no better than a wolf's whelp!" said Stein. "But he's got the true artist soul. He'll win!" Now if anybody knew the world, it was Godfrey Stein.

Nobody thought Hans Becht would win bu his old mother. She was sure of it. She sat beside him with her knitting, talking all the time. Why did he not give himself more time? The rice-field must be flooded? Let the rice go this year. He spent three hours in the cot-ton this morning. And what with foddering the stock, and rubbing down even the pigs

—. What were cotton and pigs to this chance? It would come but once a life-time. Meanwhile, Hans, when free from pigs and rice and cotton, sat by the window and cut, cut, and whistled softly. The door of the kitchen stood open, and the chickens came picking their way on to the white floor. A swift stream of water ran through the millet field and across the garden, shining in the sun. The red rhododendrons nodded over it, and the rowan bushes, scarlet with berries. Beyond the millet field, there was a rampart of rolling hills, bronzed with the early frost; but and there a cucumber tree thrust its open gold-en fruit, studded with scarlet seeds, through the dull back-ground. Beyond this rising ground were the peaks, indistinct as gray shadows, holding up the sky.

Sometimes Mother Becht caught Hans with

his knife idle, looking at these far off heights, or at the minnows glancing through the brook near at hand. There was a great pleasure in

"You are a fool to throw away your time, she cried. "Can you cut that red weed or the sky into your wood! You could not even paint "God forbid that anybody should try!" thought Hans.
"Stick to your work! work counts. Th

things that count in the world are those which Push you up among your neighbors."

Hans began to cut a tip to Joseph's nose.
"The things which count in the world—"
he queried to himself. He did his thinking very slowly. His blind father sat outside in the sun; he came in every hour or two to hear how the work was going on, and then went to Schopf's shop to report. His wife told him that there was no doubt that Hans would suc-

"Joseph is good, and Mary is very fine," she said. "But the mule is incomparable. If you could only see the mule! When Hans goes to London do you think he will take us at once, or send for us in the spring? I think it would be safer to cross the ocean in the spring. But it will not matter to cabin-passengers no steerage for us, then, father! He will be taking three of us—"

"Eh! How's that? Three?"

he wins or not," said Father Becht. "He earns the loaf, and it's big enough for four. There's not a sweeter voice in Walhalla than Christy

isfied him, would send the carver to London free of expense, and insure him high and steady wages.

The day he left all the village collected about the well to talk the matter over. Here was a strange gust from the outer world blowing into their dead claim! Most of them had forgotten that there was a world entitle of Wal.

"She'll follow the man she loves, and that is not I," thought Hans, and he stopped whist-ling. His mother's voice sounded on, click, When we are rich-when we are in London

-when we drive in a carriage -"
"She, too!" he considered, looking out
thoughtfully above him at the fat farm-lands, the pleasant house, the cheery fire, and then away to the scarlet rowan burning in the brown undergrowth, and the misty, heaven-reaching

in Walhalla to whom you have not done a kindness. Do you think the Lord does not know you deserve success? If He does not give you the prize instead of that drunken Heller, there's no justice in heaven!"

At last the Englishman returned. The de-

Her voice came down to man below the most silent man in Walhalla.

The pretty girls gathered shyly closer to Heller; and the boys thrust their hands in their pockets and stared admiringly up at him. Hans was their especial friend, but what a stout, common-place creature he was beside this brilliant fellow!

"A man only needs a foothold in this world!" to George said, adjusting his spectacles and looking nervously toward a bench where a young girl sat holding her baby brother. The child his panel wrapped in cloth, and came in, banging the gate after him.

"Is that you Becht? Been whittling, too?" he said, with an insolent chuckle.

he said, with an insolent chuckle.
Hans looked at him steadfastly, not hearing a word that he said. Was it Heller she loved?
If he were sure of it, he would not speak a word for himself. No matter what became of him, if she were content. He was hurt to the

Christine came down. She wore some stuff of pale blue, and had fastened a bunch of wild roses in her bosom. She was so silent and cold with both the young men that one could hardly believe that it was the woman who had Hans thought so, too; his pipe went out in hardly believe that it was the woman who had his mouth. When she rose to go home he took sung with such passionate longing over the

"Now you shall see my panel!" cried Heller, nervously adjusting his spectacles. He set it on the bench and dragged off the cloth. "Ah-h!" cried Christine, clasping her hands;

"Ah-h!" cried Christine, clasping her hands; then she turned anxiously to Hans.

Hans was not ready with his words. His eyes filled with tears. He laid his hand on Heller's shoulder with hearty good-will. The work gave him keen pleasure. In the face of the mother bending over the child there was that inscrutable meaning which he found in the quiet valleys, the far heights. But Heller, odd-led did not seem to see it.

"Well, time to be off. Wish me good luck Christine!' She smiled and walked with him to the gate Hans followed, but she did not once look at Mans. As she opened the gate Heller laid his dress, he caught it and pressed it to his lips. His breath was rank with liquor. Hans thrust him back and strode between them.
"This must end. Christine, you must choose

in his throat.
"Not to-night," he said.

By to-morrow, no doubt, Heller would be known as successful, the man whose purse would always be full. Ohristine must know precisely what she was choosing. It was like Hans to think of these things. If—in spite of

it to morrow to the man you love."
"I will." She did not look at him. She was as pale as himself. He went down the street, stirred by it in soul and body. Twice, in a leaving her with Heller.
rage, he broke the panel into bits, and came Two hours afterward he went to the inn where

Reid was, and sat on a bench at the door, Half the village was inside waiting to hear the decision. His heart beat rebelliously against his breast. What if, after all, there had been great hidden merit in his panel? It was only natural that Christine should be won by claptrap of success and money—she was only a woman. "But no," be answered himself, "what I am—I am. I want no varnish of praise or money."

Out came the crowd. "I knew it!" "The most worthless lout in Valhalla!" "A drunkard for luck!" "He Walhalla!" goes to London next week." "Then he must come back for his wife," said Stein. "He told me to-night he was betrothed

Hans stood up, and nodded good-night to them as he pushed through the crowd. He did not go home. A damp breeze blew up the val-ley. Down youder were the far-reaching meadows, the lapping streams, the great friend-ly trees. He went to them as a child goes to

its mother in trouble. About six miles from Walhalla lies the trunk line of the Atlanta & Richmond railroad. At ten o'clock that evening, the moon being at the full, the engineer of the express train, going north, saw a man at a turn of the road signaling him vehemently to stop. Now, a way train in that leisurely region will pull up for any signal. But this engineer looked out

in calm contempt.
"Reckon he don't know the express!" he

said. A little child in the cars saw the man gesticulating wildly and laughed at him through the open windew.

The man disappeared over the brow of the hill. The road made a long circuit around its base. When the engine came around this bend the engineer, Hurst, saw on the track in front a prison hand our used to transport the con-vict laborers from one division to another. The convicts had been taken to the stockade for the night, and the driver of the car was inside of it dead drunk.

Hurst had been twenty years in his business he understood the condition of affairs at a glance. He knew it meant death to all those people in the crowded cars behind him, to him first of all. He whistled down brakes, but he knew it was of no use. The brakes were of the old kind, and before the train could be slackened it would be upon the solid mass in front.
"We're done for, Zack," he said to the fireman. He did not think of jumping off his engine.

It is noticeable how few common-place men try to shirk death when in the discharge of The brakes were of ne use. The engine swept on, hissing, shricking. Suddenly Hurst saw that the car was back-

ing!-creeping like a snall; but assuredly backing. "Y-ha!" yelled Zack. Hurst saw the man who had warned him standing on the platform of the car, working it. Now, it required at least four men to work

In another minute the engine would be upor "God! You'll be killed!" shouted Hurst. "Christine," she said, with a significant chuckle. "O, she'll be glad enough to take our into forgetting that anybody else was in dan-being combatted.

ger. At that instant from the train came a frightful shriek—women's voices. The passengers for the first time saw their danger.

It was but a point of time, yet it seemed like an hour. The train did not abate its speed. The man, a short fellow of powerful build, threw the strength of a giant into his straining muscles, his white face with its distended eyes was close in front in the red glare of the engine.

liurst shut his eyes. He muttered something bout Joe Joe was his little boy.
The train jarred with a long scrunching rasp, and—stopped. They were saved.
"Great God!" prayed Hurst. "Tight squeak
for your life, Zack," he said aloud, wetting his

lips with his tongue. The people poured out of the train. They went up to the car, some laughing, some wearing. But every man there felt as if Death ad taken his soul into his hold for a moment. nd then let it go. Three stout men tried to move the car. They

"Who is that fellow?" " A workman on the road?" "No," said Hurst.
"Where is he?" asked several.

For he had vanished as if the earth had swallowed him up.

"He was a youngish, light complexioned fellow," said Zack. "Most likely a Deutcher from Walhalla." Whoever he may be, he saved our lives, said a director of the road. "I never saw such desperate courage. I vote for a testi-monial."

The American soul exults in testimonials, The American soul exhits in testimonials, and the Southerner is free with his money. There happened, too, to be a delegation of New York merchants on board, who valued their lives at a pretty figure. More than all, there was a widow from California, the owner of millions and of the pretty boy who had looked out of the window. "He saved my baby," she said with a sob, as she took the pa-

The testimonial grew suddenly into a sum which made Hurst wink with amazement when he heard of it. "That fellow will be king in

Walhalla," he said. It was near morning when Hans came home He went to his room, said his prayers, and slept heavily. The next morning the village was on fire with excitement. The isn was full of passengers from the train; the story was in everybody's mouth. The director of the road had driven over from the station. When Hans want down to the pasture that morning heave. went down to the pasture that morning he saw a playeard stating the facts and the sum subscribed, and requesting the claimant to present himself at the station that evening for identifiation by Hurst.

Hans went on to the pasture. When he came back and was at work in the garden he could hear through the palings the people talking as they went by.
"He will be the richest man in Walhalla."

"The director says the company will give him a situation for life. So they ought!" Nothing else was talked of. The contests of yesterday and all the Flights into Egypt were

forgotten.

"Ah, how lucky that fellow is," he heard his mother say on the sidewalk. "And there's Heller! Some people are born to luck!" looking over the palings with bitter disappointment the disappointment of the disappointment.

at Hans digging potatoes.

But blind Father Becht listened in silence He knew but one man in the world brave enough for such a deed. "I give that lad my blessing!" he said, striking his cane on the ground. He, too, turned toward Hans digging pota-

He, too, turned toward mans digging polatoes.

"Heller is packing to be off to London," somebody said. "They say Vogel's pretty daughter is to follow in the spring."

Has stuck in his spade and went to his mother. "I am going to salt the cattle on the north mountain," he said.

"Very well. He does not care to know who this brave lad is," she said to his father. "He's a good boy, but dull—dull. They say there is a woman from California at the inn. She says she must see the man who saved her boy's

Hans, too, looked at him wondering. How could this paltry sot compel the secret into his work, which to him was but a hely dream? Christine was watching him anxiously.

"Is that your panel?" she said at last.
Hans nodded, hesitated a moment, and then broke the thin bit of wood in two and flung it into the road.

"It was certain he had told nobody what he had done, or they would have come forward for the Hans road." to his spade and began to dig the rest of the potatoes. His mother followed.

potatoes. His mother followed.

"Well," she exclaimed, "he is not found!
The story is gone by telegraph to all parts of the country. Here are fame and riches waiting for him. Some people certainly are born on lucky Sundays. There is Heller, the drunken beast, gone off to London. And you must dig potatoes! There's no justice in heaven!"
She elicked away knitting as she want.

She elicked away, knitting as she went.

New I may as well say here that although
this happened years ago, the missing man is
not yet found. He is the mystery and pride of
all that region. The director put the money
out at compound interest, but it is yet un-

Concerning Hans, however, who digs his potatoes in the same patch, we have something more to tell. When he had finished digging that morning he went into the house. The stout fellow had lost his ruddy color, as though stout fellow had lost his ruddy color, as though he had lately gone through some heavy strain of body or soul. He sat on the kitchen steps and played a soft air on his violin. The earth he had been digging lay in moist, black heaps. He liked the smell of it. How like a whispering voice was the gurgle of the stream through the roots of the sumachs! Yonder was a Peruvian tree, raising its trunk and branches in blood-red leaves against the still air; far beyond were the solemn heights. He had just come from there. He knew how quiet it was yonder near the sky—how friendly. All these things near the sky-how friendly. All these things came, as he played, into the music and spoke through it, and a great stillness shone in his

eyes.

And at that moment—he never forgot it in all his life—a woman's hand brushed his cheek and a red rose came before his eyes.

"You did not come for the rose, so I brought it to you," said Christine. Later in the morning they went to the well together; all their neighbors were there, and it was soon known they were betrothed. Ev-erybody took Hans by the hand. He had never guessed he had so many friends. "There is no better fellow in the world," they said to one another. "He deserves luck."

"That is why I was impatient with you," whispered Christine. "I could not bear to see that miserable Heller carry away all the praise and the more." and the money."
"These are not the things in the world that

count," said Hans, quietly.

Presently an open carriage drove through the "That is the lady who was in the train," the people whispered. "That is her boy. She says she will not go until she finds the man who sayed thom."

saved them. The lady, smiling, held her baby up that i might see the women. She was greatly amused and interested by the quaint German village. When the boy caught sight of Hans he laughed and held out his hands. The mother nodded kindly. "The brave man who saved us also wore a workman's dress, I am told," she said." My hay say him as he record."

"My boy saw him as he passed."

Hans took the child in his arms for a moment, and kissed him. When he gave him back to his mother his eyes were full of tears. Then the carriage drove on.

He stood at the door of the home that was

so dear to him. Christine held his hand, the sun shone cheerfully about him.

"To think," said his mother, "that we are not to know who that brave fellow was." His blind father took Han's other hand softly

"God knows," he said.
But no one heard him Scribner for May. A Curious Relic.

We have been shown a curious relic picked up last week in the Spring Valley Range, some twelve miles from town. In shape it bears a strong resemblance to an elephant. It is of stone, about two and a half inches long, and set on a base in the shape of a half moon. The trunk of the elephant is hollowed, and on the back is a bowl. It was no doubt used as a pipe by some aboriginal sachem of a date further back than the Shoshone. as that tribe shows no aptitude or taste for stone-working of any description.— Eureka (Nev.) Leader.

-If truth be left unfettered, error will not long walk the world without

"To Rent."

Yesterday morning a card of "The Rent" was nailed to a house on Brus Street. It was a large card and the printing was plain. A bold line at the bottom said that people should inquire next door, and pretty soon the calls commenced. The first man who came

"Is the house next door to rent?"

" Yes." "Then it is not for sale?" " No, sir."

"Isn't, eh? I thought it was for sale,"

he said as he went away.

The next man stood looking at the card for full five minutes, and then called next door and said: "I s'pose that house is empty, isn't

" Yes."

"Then it is to rent?" "Yes."

"How long has it been to rent?" "Only one day." "How long will it be to rent?"

"Can't tell." "Well, if I can't find out anything about it here I'll go to the owner. I pose he's in Europe, isn't he?"

"No; he's in New York."
"Ah! that's always the way. Well, if I conclude to take the house, I'll call

around again." The third caller was a lady. looked in to the empty house and then called next door and said:

"I see that you have a house to rent?" " Yes."

ble?"

"Will it be painted this spring?" " Yes." "Was the last family very respecta-

" Yes." "Has it ever been a boarding-house?" " No."

"It has a cellar and hot and cold water?" " Yes."

"And folding-doors and grates?" "Well, we have had some thoughts of moving this spring. I don't much think we shall, but if we do, and this house is to rent when we get ready, I'll

look through it." The fourth caller was also a lady. She looked in at all the windows, en-

tered the back yard and called next door and asked: " Can you tell me if this darling little house is to rent?"

" It is." "It is the sweetest little place in all Detroit, and I know that a family would be happy in it. It reminded me of a romantic little house in the outskirts of Paris. How much is the rent?"

"Eighteen dollars per month."
"Eighteen dollars! That's highway robbery! Why, it's a squatty little pig-pen, no sun, no air and as gloomy as a prison! You must be crazy! Do you think war times have come again? That's all I want to know. I didn't care about changing anyhow, but being out for a walk and seeing the card up I thought I might as well inquire."—Detroit Free Press.

Food for Children.

It is probably true that in this country more children are killed or made weakly for life by improper food, or ever or under feeding, than by any other cause, and this is the more unpardonable because the kinds of food which, for children, are the most wholesome and nourishing are usually cheap and easily to be had and prepared There are few people in the United States so poor that they cannot get for their children, not only the right kind of food, but also plenty of it, so that here again we can only fall back upon

the excuse, if we dare call it such, of our own ignorance and thoughtlessness. In almost every house the children habitually get sweet cakes and pies. hot breads, preserves, pickles, etc., which cost twice as much, both in money and in the labor of preparation, as would the plain, digestible food which alone is suitable for growing children; and yet it seems almost impossible for mothers to realize that in giving these things to their children they are not only wasting time and money, but are also directly injuring their helpless little ones. It is certainly a very fortunate thing that nature provides for a baby at its entrance into life food which is all sufficient for its needs, for otherwise it seems as if the ingenuity of ignorant parents would by this time have extinguished the human race. Even as it is, some mothers insist on giving babies all sorts of food, sometimes going so far as to believe, or say they believe, that a little of anything that they themselves can eat will not hurt the baby. A woman might as well say that the baby's little hands can do the work of her hands, as that its little stomach can do the work of her stomach; and the result of such treatment is that the baby pines, falls sick, is drugged with medicine, and in nine cases out of ten, dies, the victim of its mother's ignorance.

A child which is completely weaned at twelve months should, from that time until it is eighteen months old, be fed four times a day upon milk, simple prep-arations of the different grains, boiled or baked potatoes mashed fine, beef tea, crackers and bread. From eighteen months, when children are healthy, a greater variety of food may be given, but the same care should be taken in regard to the regularity of their meals (for a habit of eating at odd times is harmful at any age) and that they get nothing which is not plain and wholesome. Sweet cakes, pastry, hot breads, greasy or highly-seasoned food of any kind should be strictly forbidden; while almost any meat (except pork) fish, rice, oatmeal, cornmeal, almost all kinds of fruit, and all easily digested vegetables, such as potatoes, tomatoes, spinach, etc., may be given, well cooked and in proper quantities, the heaviest meal being taken in the middle of the day, and the condition of the bowels being always carefully watched. Now any woman with common sense

and fairly good health can do all this without much trouble, and in the end will find that it is the easiest way to bring up her children, for this sort of care will keep them well and strong, saving all the expense and anxiety of the frequent illnesses which are usually the lot of children who are permitted to eat all sorts of things at all sorts of times. As, for example, in teething, when babies which are properly fed and

cared for suffer very little, while badly managed children are almost always in pain and frequently have fits, convulsions, and those choleric attacks which are so common a cause of death, especially in cities. You cannot make good bread out of bad flour, you cannot grow a strong plant from an unripe seed, you cannot build a sea-worthy boat out of decayed timber; how then can you expect your children to be healthy unless you give them in their food the material from which to make healthy bone and muscle, nerve and flesh?—Hampton Tract.

The Yesterdays.

Ever since the days of the Wise Man of All; a great deal of breath has been expended in talking to the young about the waste of their time, as if it were possible to drill anything of the sort in-to their minds until it comes to them by the lessons of experience. You may tell them, and they may know it by mere rote and routine, that two from three leaves one, but they do not know it as a fact of consciousness till they have learned it through the visible and sensible abstraction of two objects from

three in their own hands.

To the young, life seems like the outpour of an inexhaustible spring flowing into a boundless sea. Should the spring by any possibility fail, there is yet the sea to draw from. They do not realize that the sea is in the dim contines of the life to come, and that only the waters of the running river fed by that spring are theirs. There seems to them to be so much time, so boundless a future, that there is no hurry about anything—save their pleasure—and they may pause on their chief errand to run after every butterfly, secure in the perpetuity of the sunny season. And all at once, if they cease the chase and look about them, it is no longer morning, but high noon; and lucky indeed are they if they have not chased butterflies to a point beyond the high noon, and where the

afternoon shadows begin to gather. As a rule, youth is so full of vitality, so elastic, and so buoyant that the moments go lightly on the wings of the swiftly succeeding thoughts and actions. It is only the unhealthy young—unhealthy morally or mentally, or placed in unhealthy circumstances—who find any need of using the process known as "killing time," that Thoreau impaled on the point of his pen when he said, "As if one could kill time without in-

juring eternity."

For the most of us, alas! time kills itself all too soon. We but just think of this subject to be studied, of this art to this subject to be studied, of this art to be accomplished, of this pleasure to be enjoyed, of this work to be achieved—in fact, just learn how to enjoy and be conscious that we are enjoying, we but just learn how delightful time is—and time is gone. We have been dallying with youth and all the sweet properties of youth, and suddenly the lock of hair that blows before our eyes is gray.

that blows before our eyes is gray.

And what of that, one might say?

Silver is as beautiful as gold; white is as strong and good in its way as black or yellow. But the truth is that that silver is the insignia of the frost of the grave, and the gold was the emblem of vitality and pulsation; and as one replaces the other we are fain to know that the wind which blows from the undiscovered country is breathing in our

It is not that the gold departs from the hair or the bloom from the cheek in itself that gives us thought, but the knowledge of a meaning behind the fact, that the vital energy departs with them, and that force which sends us along the paths of life as the stars are sent in their courses. And it is not by degrees, but usually all at once, that we are made aware of our loss-loss, too, of something more than the round beauty of early years, and all the pleasures that belonged to them, the loss of the inter-ests of that period. We no longer live in them; we look back on them. We remember how sweet those pleasures and interests were; the bitterness is that they are no longer sweet, and that we do not care whether they are sweet or not; that we have ceased to value them, to take delight in them, to long for them; and that we know that while we once felt we could not live without them, we now neither reach forward nor back for them, and that we put forth all our energies only in preserving the remnant of comfort and joy that is left to us. One last amazement comes to us then when it occurs to us for the first time that we are really, as we look back on our past, beholding another person than ourselves, a young, passionate, throb-bing, happy or unhappy fool, but one who has no other connection with our calm wisdom and attainment and our weariness than that of having a better acquaintance than anybody else has. There are people who grow old grace-fully, and take the years as they come, a little saddened, but not melancholy. Perhaps their passions and emotions decline with their years; perhaps they have children and grandchildren, in whom they see themselves repeated, and in whom they thus, forgetfully and unselfishly, are living their lives over again. But there are others who fight hopelessly with fate, and die unrepentant rebels.

For this latter class there is only one comfort, the comfort of faith in immortality; no other consolations than the tality; no other consolations than the consolations of religion. For only those who regard this life as the entrance of the future life, and the relinquishing grasp of its delights as only the rustling down of cast-off garments before the putting on of imperishable robes, can with any equanimity lose conscious hold of all the pleasant things of the senses which belong to the present life.—

Harper's Bazar. Harper's Bazar.

-How to Make Flavoring for Pies and Cakes .- Take fresh orange or lemon peel, put it into a glass or earthen vessel, pour upon it alcohol enough to cover it, and let it stand a few days. The alcohol extracts and cuts the oil in the peel. Take the peel from the al-cohol, cover it with water, and boil until soft. When cold, strain the water from the peel into the alcohol and bottle for use.

-There is no man who has so little spare time as the one who is thoroughly idle. Idling is of itself a business which finds even all the waking hours of the day not quite sufficient for its needs.

-The fiame of sorrow burns up some hearts, while others it purifies.